

The Souldiers pole is false: young Boyes and Gyrls
Are leuell now with men: The odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting Moone.

Char. Oh quietnesse, Lady.

Iras. She's dead too, our Soueraigne.

Char. Lady.

Iras. Madam.

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.

Iras. Royall Egypt: Empresse.

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cleo. No more but in a Woman, and commanded

By such poore passion, as the Maid that Milkes,

And doe's the meanest chaires. It were for me,

To throw my Scepter at the iniurious Gods,

To tell them that this World did equal theys,

Till they had stolne our Iewell. All's but naught:

Patience is forth, and impatience does

Become a Dogge that's mad: Then is it sinne,

To rush into the secret house of death,

Ere death dare come to vs. How do you Women?

What, what good cheere? Why how now *Charmian*?

My Noble Gyrls? Ah Women, women! Looke

Our Lampe is spent, it's out. Good sirs, take heart,

Wee'l bury him: And then, what's braue, what's Noble,

Ler's doo't after the high Roman fashion,

And make death proud to take vs. Come, away,

This case of that huge Spirit now is cold.

Ah Women, Women! Come, we haue no Friend

But Resolution, and the briefest end.

Exeunt, bearing of Antonies body.

*Enter Caesar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Menas, with
his Counsell of Warre.*

Caesar. Go to him *Dolabella*, bid him yeeld,

Being so frustrate, tell him,

He mockes the pawes that he makes.

Dol. *Caesar*, I shall.

Enter Decretas with the sword of Anthony.

Ces. Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'st

Appeare thus to vs?

Dec. I am call'd *Decretas*,

Marke *Anthony* I seru'd, who best was worthie

Best to be seru'd: whil' he stood vp, and spoke

He was my Master, and I wore my life

To spend vpon his haters. If thou please

To take me to thee, as I was to him,

He be to *Caesar*: if y' pleasest not, I yeild thee vp my life.

Caesar. What is't thou say'st?

Dec. I say (Oh *Caesar*) *Anthony* is dead.

Caesar. The breaking of so great a thing, should make

A greater cracke. The round World

Should haue shooke Lyons into ciuill streets,

And Citizens to their denues. The death of *Anthony*

Is not a single doome, in the name lay

A moiety of the world.

Dec. He is dead *Caesar*,

Nor by a publike minister of Iustice,

Nor by a hyred Knife, but that selfe-hand

Which writ his Honor in the Acts it did,

Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,

Splitted the heart. This is his Sword,

I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd

With his most Noble blood.

Ces. Looke you sad Friends,

The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings

To wash the eyes of Kings.

Dol. And strange it is,

That Nature must compell vs to lament

Our most perished deeds.

Mec. His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him.

Dola. A Rarer spirit neuer

Did feere humanity: but you Gods will giue vs

Some faults to make vs men. *Caesar* is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious Mirror's set before him,

He needes must see him selfe.

Caesar. Oh *Anthony*,

I haue followed thee to this, but we do launch

Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce

Haue shewne to thee such a declining day,

Or looke on thine: we could not flail together,

In the whole world. But yet let me lament

With teares as Soueraigne as the blood of hearts,

That thou my Brother, my Competitor,

In top of all designe; my Mate in Empire,

Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,

The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart

Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Starres

Vnreconcilable, should diuide our equalnesse to this,

Heare me good Friends,

But I will tell you at some meeter Season,

The businesse of this man looks out of him,

Wee'l heare him what he sayes.

Enter an Egyptian.

Whence are you?

Egypt. A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistress

Confin'd in all, she has her Monument

Of thy intents, desires, instruction,

That she preparedly may frame her selfe

To th' way she's forc'd too.

Caesar. Bid her haue good heart,

She soone shall know of vs, by some of ours,

How honourable, and how kindly Wee

Determine for her. For *Caesar* cannot leaue to be gentle

Egypt. So the Gods preferue thee. *Exe.*

Ces. Come hither *Proculeius*. Go and say

We purpose her no shame: giue her what comforts

The quality of her passion shall require;

Least in her greatnesse, by some mortall stroke

She do defeat vs. For her life in Rome,

Would be eternall in our Triumph: Go,

And with your speediest bring vs what she sayes,

And how you finde of her.

Pro. *Caesar* I shall. *Exit Proculeius.*

Ces. *Gallus*, go you along: where's *Dolabella*, to se-

cond *Proculeius*?

All. *Dolabella*.

Ces. Let him alone: for I remember now

How hee's employd: he shall in time be ready.

Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see

How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,

How calme and gentle I proceeded still

In all my Writings. Go with me, and see

What I can shew in this. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make

A better life: 'Tis paltrey to be *Caesar*:

Not being Fortune, hee's but Fortunes knaue,

A minister of her will: and it is great

To

To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents, and bolts vp change;
Which sleepes, and neuer pallates more the dung,
The beggers Nurse, and *Caesars*.

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. *Caesar* sends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,

And bids thee study on what faire demands

Thou mean'st to haue him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.

Cleo. *Anthony*

Did tell me of you, bad me trust you, but

I do not greatly care to be deceiu'd

That haue no vlc for trusting. If your Master

Would haue a Queene his begger, you must tell him,

That Maiesty to keepe decorum, must

No lesse begge then a Kingdome: If he please

To giue me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,

He giues me so much of mine owne, as I

Will kneele to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheere:

'Tare false into a Princely hand, feare nothing,

Make your full reference freely to my Lord,

Who is so full of Grace, that it flowes ouer

On all that neede. Let me report to him

Your sweet dependacie, and you shall finde

A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnesse,

Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cleo. Pray you tell him,

I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I send him

The Greatnesse he has got. I hourly learne

A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly

Looke him i'th' Face.

Pro. This he report (deere Lady)

Haue comfort, for I know your plight is pittied

Of him that caus'd it.

Pro. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd:

Guard her till *Caesar* come.

Iras. Royall Queene.

Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken Queene.

Cleo. Quicke, quicke, good hands,

Pro. Hold worthy Lady, hold:

Do not your selfe such wrong, who are in this

Releu'd, but not betraid.

Cleo. What of death too that rids our dogs of languish

Pro. *Cleopatra*, do not abuse my Masters bounty, by

Th' vndoing of your selfe: Let the World see

His Noblenesse well acted, which your death

Will neuer let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou Death?

Come hither come; Come, come, and take a Queene

Worth many Babes and Beggers.

Pro. Oh temperance Lady,

Cleo. Sir, I will eate no meate, Ile not drinke sir,

If idle talke will once be necessary

Ile not sleepe neither. This mortall house Ile ruine,

Do *Caesar* what he can. Know sir, that I

Will not waite pinnion'd at your Masters Court,

Nor once be chaffic'd with the sober eye

Of dull *Othavia*. Shall they boyll me vp,

And shew me to the shewing Varlotarie

Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt.

Be gentle graue vnto me, rather on Nylus mudde

Lay me starke-nak'd, and let the water-Flies

Blow me into abhorring; rather make

My Countries high pyramides my Gibbet,

And hang me vp in Chaines.

Pro. You do extend

These thoughts of horror further then you shall

Finde cause in *Caesar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. *Proculeius*,

What thou hast done, thy Master *Caesar* knowes,

And he hath sent for thee: for the Queene,

Ile take her to my Guard.

Pro. So *Dolabella*,

It shall content me best: Be gentle to her,

To *Caesar* I will speake, what you shall please,

If you'll imploy me to him. *Exit Proculeius*

Cleo. Say, I would dye.

Dol. Most Noble Empresse, you haue heard of me,

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter sir, what I haue heard or knowne:

You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreames,

Is't not your trick?

Dol. I vnderstand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreamt there was an Emperor *Anthony*,

Oh such another sleepe, that I might see

But such another man.

Dol. If it might please ye.

Cleo. His face was as the Heau'ns, and therein stucke

A Sunne and Moone, which kept their course, & lighted

The little o'th' earth.

Dol. Most Soueraigne Creature.

Cleo. His legges befrid the Ocean, his rear'd arme

Crested the world: His voyce was propertyed

As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:

But when he meant to quail, and shake the Orbe,

He was as ratling Thunder. For his Bounty,

There was no winter in't. An *Anthony* it was,

That grew the more by reaping: His delights

Were Dolphin-like, they shew'd his backe aboute

The Element they liu'd in: In his Liurey

Walk'd Crownes and Crowners: Realms & Islands were

As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. Thinke you there was, or might be such a man

As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You Lye vp to the hearing of the Gods:

But if there be, nor ever were one such

It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stufte

To vie strange formes with fancie, yet imagine

An *Anthony* were Natures peere, 'gainst Fancie,

Condemning shadowes quite.

Dol. Heare me, good Madam:

Your losse is as your selfe, great; and you beare it

As answering to the waight, would I might neuer

Ore-take pursu'de successe: But I do feeble

By the rebound of yours, a greefe that suites

My very heart at roote.

Cleo. I thanke you sir:

Know you what *Caesar* meanes to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what, I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay pray you sir.